

the art of the plug

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[Min Yoongi](#) | [Suga/Park Jimin](#)

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[Min Yoongi](#) | [Suga](#), [Park Jimin \(BTS\)](#), [Kim Taehyung](#) | [V](#), [Kim Seokjin](#) | [Jin](#)

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the art of the plug

by [themelonlord](#)

Summary

In which Jimin likes to plug himself up on his days off and Yoongi accidentally finds out about it, a story.

Notes

Holy shit it's finally done. I've been posting my journey (aka my struggle) on SNOWapp but after working on this for a week it's finally up! It's a Christmas miracle :D

Here are a couple of warnings:

- Lots of sex, both individually and together (+ feelings)
- There's a bit of exhibitionism going around and some voyeurism sprinkled in
- They also dance around d/s power dynamics (just a little) towards the end

I hope you guys enjoy it and have an amazing winter holiday!

**** Edit: Hi everyone! Sorry about the update! I've gone through and edited this bad boy. I wrote this a while ago but it was the first thing I've written in a very long time and I was noticeably rusty. It's been bugging me for a while so I went through and rewrote parts of it and worked out all of the typos/tenses/formatting issues I was having... turns out I added a little over 2k to the fic so, haha, hope you all enjoy it!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Everyone knows that Jimin spends his mornings working out or practicing. It's just how he likes to start his days. Sweating and getting his blood pumping makes him feel better. That being said, on his days off, he starts a bit later. He loves sleep too, but he just likes the feeling the burn in the morning. It's a good way to wake up.

Jimin walks into the dorm, he greets Jin and Namjoon in the kitchen as they presumably work on breakfast. Why Jin chose Namjoon to help is beyond Jimin, but he isn't going to judge how they spend their first morning off in a while.

He grimaces as he feels sweat making his shirt stick to his body as he makes his way into his room. He can't see Taehyung nor Hoseok anywhere, which Jimin is grateful for; he wants some time to himself, just a moment.

Tying his towel around his waist, he starts digging through his bedside table. Finding what he was looking for, Jimin grabs the innocuous velvet pouch along with the half-empty bottle of lube. He tosses the two items on his bed before going to look for a comfortable outfit to wear.

Jimin likes to take care of himself whenever he gets the chance. All the members do really. Jeongguk plays games, Jin cooks, Yoongi sleeps, and Jimin likes to plug himself up.

Claiming the bathroom, he turns the shower on and lets the room fill with steam. It was all practically routine by this point. The way he gives himself some time at first to stand under the hot spray. The way he starts with his hair before scrubbing his skin until it's pink. The smell of his body wash fills the bathroom as he takes his time, enjoying the rare pleasure of a long hot shower. He loves being clean more than anything, just getting the sweat from long hours at the gym off his body is relaxing. Beyond that, it's the act of scrubbing off the filth that seems to weigh him down that calms him. He feels new—clean in a way that he doesn't very often. But before leaving, he allows the hot water to massage his muscles until they feel something akin to jello.

Once Jimin's done and out of the shower, he dries himself off. Ignoring the items laying on his clean clothes, he begins brushing his teeth and washing his face. It's not until he's finished, deeming himself ready, that he finally reaches for the plug.

His dick is half hard already in anticipation. He looks forward to these

days, being able to do whatever he wants and not worrying about cameras or people catching him. Taking an all too familiar position, he places his left leg up on the ledge of the tub, giving him access to his untouched hole. His goal was to keep the plug in all day rather than getting off, so he tries his best to remain as clinical as possible.

After Jimin lubricates his fingers, he carefully presses two of them into his awaiting hole. He anticipates some discomfort, as it's been far too long since he's had the chance to do this, but that was part of the fun. He holds his breath as he slips his fingers in, keeping his strokes quick and uneventful. He didn't want to get the toy in and then get off, he reminds himself, he doesn't want to get that pleasure until the end of the day. It's always better when he anticipation building,

Scissoring his fingers, the blonde glances back at the plug. It's a small, innocuous thing, plain in design aside from the red jewel at the handle but pretty in its minimalistic nature. It's generally smaller than a dick but large enough to keep him on the edge of getting hard all day.

From experience, he knows two fingers is enough to get the plug in. Yet, the twinge at the base of his spine reminds him if he wants to be able to walk normally the next day, he's going to need more.

Taking his fingers out, he puts more lube on them before pressing all three fingers into himself. Again, he winces in discomfort. He knows he's pushing himself, too much too fast, but anything else would result in getting hard and that's just not what he wants. Biting on his lip, he gently massages his walls and forces himself to breathe and relax.

He continues fucking himself, careful not to touch anywhere too stimulating. Twisting his fingers, he decides he's ready for the plug. Taking his fingers out of his ass, he drizzles lube on the plug, making sure it glistens to ease the glide. Slowly, he begins the process of getting it inside.

Jimin takes a deep breath as he pushes the plug in, feeling himself stretch around the toy. He can do this, he's— it's *fine*. The plug isn't that big, he'll just have to be careful about the angles. Thankfully, it slides in relatively easily, his hole greedily needing to be filled. He feels a pleasant twinge as he straightens and smiles at the sensation of being full. It's unlike anything else, and he can feel a pleased smile on his face as he moves so that he can *feel* it inside.

He gives himself a second, pausing to enjoy the moment and the pleasure before he realizes someone may be waiting for the bathroom.

Taking one final breath, he looks at himself in the mirror.

Wow, he thinks as he admires his reflection. His cheeks are flushed and eyes wild, but overall, he doesn't look like he's being naughty—like has a plug *up his ass*. He knows that the probability of getting caught is slim to none, yet the sliver of a chance sends a thrill of arousal through his body. He feels like he's giving himself away somehow, that someone will turn to look at him and just *know*.

As he turns his body, he feels a flicker of excitement when he sees the handle of the plug snug between his cheeks. The red crystal gleams as he twists his body and he admires the contrast of his skin and the plug. He feels so inexplicably *pretty* it's— it's quite a heady feeling.

A pleased blush spreads across his cheeks and he smiles, continuing to admire his backside. Nodding to himself, he grabs toilet paper and wipes his hands. Once clean, he turns to start slipping on his clothes. Just as he bends over he hears a knock on the door.

“Jimin, get out. You’ve been in there too long,” He hears Yoongi’s voice muffled through the door and he straightens and turns toward the door.

“I’m going, hyung! Give me a second!” He yells back.

“I need to take a piss, Jimin,” he can hear the warning Yoongi’s voice loud and clear. But before he can so much as put his underwear on, he the handle turns and the door opens up.

Panic courses through his body, “Hyung!” he exclaims, grabbing his shirt to cover himself up as he turns to face Yoongi.

It’s clear that he just woke up. Jimin can see marks from Yoongi’s pillow on his pale cheeks and his black hair going every which way. Jimin smiles as something in his chest tightens. He takes a moment to admire the sight of a sleepy, and quite grumpy, Yoongi before replying.

“Yoongi-hyung, can you at least let me put on some pants?” he asks, a teasing smile on his face. Affection steadily replaces the panic he felt just a moment ago the longer he stands there, before a sleepy Yoongi. He watches as Yoongi’s ears turn red and a blush spreads around Yoongi’s cheeks.

“Hurry up, Jimin,” Yoongi grunts back. Jimin doesn’t wait for Yoongi to finish his sentence. He quickly turns and starts pulling his clothes

on. It's a bit of a struggle, getting his jeans over his wet legs, but after he fights with the material he manages to get it to work. Turning back around, he's surprised to see the bathroom empty once more. Shrugging, he checks that he has all his belongings and exits.

He finds Yoongi leaning up against the wall right outside the bathroom and takes a moment to appreciate the view. Yoongi has one leg propped up against the wall, his head leaning back and eyes closed. Yoongi looks completely relaxed, Jimin thinks, looking too comfortable against the wall. It's only the fact that his lips were in a slight pout that Jimin knows that Yoongi isn't sleeping. But, Jimin doesn't want to disturb Yoongi.

"Hyung," Jimin calls out softly, "the bathroom is open."

One of Yoongi's eyes cracks open before he walks into the bathroom, closing the door in Jimin's face. Shrugging, Jimin makes his way back to his room.

Knowing that the moment is over, he does his best to get his body to relax. Relieved that Yoongi decided to stride in when he did rather than earlier, Jimin breathes easier as he walks to his room.

"That would have been awkward," he whispers to himself as he hangs his towel up.

—

"Come on, Jimin-hyung! It's about to start!" Jeongguk calls out impatiently from the couch.

Jimin shoots a glare in Jeongguk's general vicinity and grumbles to himself, reaching up to grab the popcorn from the shelf.

"Did you put the popcorn up here?" he complains at Jeongguk loudly, knowing that the kid is undoubtedly laughing at his struggle. Any other day it wouldn't have been an issue. They do this to him pretty often actually, entertainment or whatever. But the plug presses up against him *just right* as he stretches and it's so distracting— it feels so good that he has to fight getting hard through sheer force of will. He's not going to break, not so soon.

"I don't know what you're talking about, hyung." Jeongguk sings back cheekily. Jimin can almost hear the giggles threatening to come out.

He huffs, "You're asking for a beating Guk-ah," Jimin warns, "and

don't think I won't!"

Exasperated, he jumps up and finally gets his hands on the popcorn. Throwing it into the microwave, he takes a deep breath and wills his boner to go the fuck away. It's not even dinner time, he lectures himself, he can't afford to get this worked up so early on in the day. Someone will end up finding out, and that would be a world of awkward that he's just not equipped to handle. Even if the idea gets him a little hot— that's not— nope. Not happening.

He doesn't hear someone approaching, as he's focused on regulating his breathing, until they're shuffling around behind him. Assuming it's Jeongguk, he speaks without turning to look.

"You're so impatient," he announced, slightly amused. The microwave beeps and Jimin takes out the snack.

"What." Replies a rough voice that is definitely not Jeongguk. Jimin turns quickly, an apologetic smile on his face.

"Ah, sorry, hyung! I thought you were Jeongguk," he sheepishly apologizes, running a hand through his hair. Yoongi clears his throat and looks away.

"I noticed," he quips back, eyes locked on the coffee machine to his left. Jimin nods awkwardly before bending over to look through the cabinet for a bowl for the popcorn.

There's a loud crash behind him and Jimin jumps up in surprise. He turns to look back just in time to see Yoongi rub at his side.

That's a first, he thinks, Yoongi is never clumsy. Yet, he must have somehow ran into the counter and managed to bump into the dish rack with the way everything is laying around. Before Jimin can ask if everything is alright, if he's okay or if he hurt himself, Yoongi serves himself a cup of coffee staring at the machine as if it has all the answers in the world. Jimin watches, fighting an amused smile, as Yoongi grumbles something to himself before he shuffles out of the kitchen.

Jimin simply shrugs, attributing the strangeness to Yoongi being sleepy. It wouldn't be the first time Yoongi acts like people breathing annoys him because he's tired. He hears Jeongguk call out to him again and it's his turn to grumble about rude kids these days before going out to join him.

After dinner they all move into the living room, ready to watch a movie. Naturally, Taehyung and Jeongguk argue the entire time about what they should all watch. Jimin doesn't care all too much as to what they finally decide on, happy to just spend time with his pseudo-family. It appears as though everyone else is feels the same as they all let the two battle it out.

Jimin takes the opportunity to claim a spot on the couch while they choose something off Netflix. As he wiggles around, he can feel the plug filling him up, moving around and pressing into him— if he moves *just so*, he could get the perfect angle and— he's pulled out of his thoughts as he feels a body sitting down next to him.

He turns to look and — of course, of *fucking* course it's Min Yoongi.

Yoongi glances over at Jimin and a small, awkward smile crosses Yoongi's face. Jimin feels ridiculously endeared by the awkward man, completely different from his morning grumpy self, and yet Jimin wants to cuddle him no matter what mood he's in. The moment they share is over as the movie starts and Yoongi turns to face the television. Jimin follows Yoongi's lead. Forcing himself to pay attention to whatever it was Taehyung and Jeongguk decided on.

Halfway through the movie, he gives up trying to follow along with the plot. He transfers all of his focus and concentration on breathing, doing his best to control his dick and keep himself from moving around on the couch. He's going to get hard if he can't stop himself from noticing all the little things Yoongi's doing.

Jimin prides himself on his self-control. It's part of the reason he likes plugging himself up like this, but he's also not a fucking saint. There's only so much he can handle of Min Yoongi; Yoongi pressed up against him, Yoongi's scent surrounding him, Yoongi's chest rumbling as he periodically laughs.

Jimin takes a deep breath, telling himself to calm the fuck down, doing his best to relax his body. He feels Yoongi shift and draw further into himself, creating more space between them. Thankfully it allows Jimin to get comfortable, shifting around. But no matter how he squirms the plug rubs against him *just so* —

Jimin blinks as he suddenly sees that the movie is over and Yoongi is getting up from the couch. Realizing this is his chance, he books it to the bathroom, firmly closing the door and making sure to lock it. He

doesn't need anyone barging in on him, not with how badly he wants to take care of himself.

Taking a deep breath, he leans up against the door. Finally thrusting his hand down his pants, he strokes his cock. It feels so good he can't contain the groan that escapes his lips, the breathy whine that follows as he finally reward himself.

Although his hand is too dry, the friction feels like bliss after a whole day of going untouched. It doesn't take him long to get fully hard, aching with need to get more. The noises that escape his lips get louder and louder with each passing moment. As he continues stroking himself, he shoves three fingers in his mouth in an attempt to stay quiet.

It's good, it's so fucking good his eyes fall shut as he sucks on his fingers and strokes his dick with his free hand. He can feel himself getting wet, cock drooling and easing the glide. It proves just how quickly this is going to end if he just focuses on his dick. He wants this to last, he reminds himself. Getting off so soon won't be nearly as good as it would be if he plays with the plug. Feeling on the edge always makes it so much better.

Exhaling slowly, he takes his hand out of his pants and pulls them down until they fall around his ankles. He can feel himself clenching around the plug in anticipation, aching for what he knows is coming next.

Palming at his dick through the soft fabric of his boxer briefs, he enjoys the delicious friction his hand provides. He tries to keep himself on the edge, working his hand over the material of his underwear to tease at what he really wants.

It doesn't take him long before frustration wins out as he slips his hand back in, gripping himself tightly. He strokes his thumb around the head of his cock, pressing up from under the head just the way he likes and groans around his slick fingers.

Jesus it's worth the wait.

As he continues stroking himself, the glide gets slicker, eased by how much his cock is leaking from pleasure. It feels perfect, his hand providing a delicious tug and Jimin can just feel the tension leave his body. This is why he does it, this is why he struggles during the day—to feel the satisfaction at the end of the day. The only thing that comes close to this, close to how good he feels, is when Yoongi is with him,

hanging out with him and giving him attention.

He knows he shouldn't, but the memory of Yoongi's scent overpowers him and he lets his brain go. Arousal sends his body into overdrive as his mind is left reeling from the punch of heat that the thought of Yoongi causes in his gut. Taking his slick fingers out of his mouth, he drags his fingertips under his shirt and up his chest.

Carefully he begins playing with his nipples sending pleased sparks down his body. It's good, it is, but he thinks about what it would feel like if Yoongi's hands were teasing him. His long fingers tugging and flicking his nipples until they pebble just the way he wants.

Another small gasp leaves his lips as he pinches his nipple together and he sucks his bottom lip into his mouth. Biting down to avoid making any extra sound, he continues to tease his body.

He can feel himself getting closer to the edge.

Despite every sensation in his body telling him to keep going, he forces himself to stop. He shoves his underwear down his hips and off his ankles along with his pants. Eagerly, he steps out of them both and kicks them to a corner of the bathroom. Leaving them in a heap forgotten on the floor, he turns back to the task at hand.

Glancing at his reflection in the mirror, he can see just how affected he is. He doesn't know if his lips are plump from biting them or from sucking on his fingers, but they glisten with the attention. What he does know, is that the blush across his cheeks reaches his chest, making him glow a pretty red shade.

His eyes were wild with the desperation he feels, dark and needy, but seeing it reflected in the mirror makes it so much hotter. He looks as desperate as he feels. He can feel his nipples rub against the rough material of his shirt. It providing just the right amount of sensation to make them sensitive.

He's so ready to come.

Running his hand through his hair, he lifts his left leg up onto the ledge of the tub. His foot laying flat, he leans forward and reaches back to the plug. He lets his fingers tease around his entrance for a moment, enjoying the way he tightens around the toy.

Grabbing the handle and gently tugging, he relishes in the shift of weight inside of him. His voice catches in his throat as the toy teases

his prostate, tugging at his rim deliciously and making him clench in need. Stroking himself faster, he resists the urge to rock his hips back into the plug.

“Oh—” he moans, “Fuck,” his voice breaks off into a whine as he continues to play with the plug. Fervor runs through his body as images of Yoongi assault his mind. Yoongi pressed against his back, telling him just how pretty his ass looks taking the plug. He wants to be good for his hyung, he wants to show Yoongi how he belongs to the elder— Jimin belongs to Yoongi even if he doesn’t know it.

He pants loudly as he continues stroking himself. He can almost hear Yoongi telling him just how good he is, and *oh fuck* he’s so close. Pressing the plug in deeper he can feel the end coming. It’s so good, just like he knew it would be and—

He lets out a shuddering moan and allows the wave of heat to overtake him as he comes all over his fist and chest. Stroking himself through his orgasm, he pants loudly in the small bathroom. Blood rushes through his ears with each stroke as he pushes himself so much, so far that it hurts a little with how oversensitive he feels.

When he recovers, he allows himself a minute to come down from the high. He exhales sharply, registering the fact that he just got off thinking about Yoongi praising him while he fucked himself with a butt plug. If it didn’t feel so goddamn amazing, he might have actually felt a little embarrassed.

But holy *fuck*— nope. He’s not going to think about it

Taking a steadying breath, he begins taking the plug out, making himself relax as he does so. He frowns slightly at the empty feeling he’s left with as he rinses off the plug in the sink. He’d leave the plug in longer if he could, but he knows that he won’t walk normally if he does.

Sighing, he places the toy on the counter as he quickly detangles his underwear from his pants and slips them both on back on.

Jimin turns to look at himself in the mirror to make sure he’s presentable. His cheeks are still a little red but he refrains from splashing some cool water on his face. There’s something he likes about the flush on his cheeks, how completely fucked out he looks. In his own way, it makes him feel accomplished and oddly— pretty.

Just as he’s about to leave the bathroom, he realizes that he never

turned on some background noise.

“Jesus Jimin, way to be careless,” he mutters to himself as he cautiously opens the door. Peeking his head out he hears the television blaring in the living-room. He allows himself a breath. That’s two close calls in one day, he really needs to be more careful.

As he berates himself for his negligence, he makes his way over to his room. Walking past Yoongi’s room, the blonde notices that the door is slightly ajar. Glancing into the room, he finds the room empty aside from a lump lying on Yoongi’s bed. A soft smile dances on Jimin’s lips before he steps back and gently closing the door.

“Goodnight, hyung.”

—

Things get a little awkward after that day. Jimin doesn’t notice it at first, but as the days pass by, he notices the little things. Instead of laying his head on Jimin’s lap, Yoongi curls up against the wall. Even when it would save himself an awkward or uncomfortable situation, Yoongi doesn’t touch him. Won’t even look at him. If Jimin offers to help Yoongi with the choreography. Yoongi gives some lame excuse and leaves.

It hurts.

It hurts so much because it’s just as he thinks that maybe, just *maybe*, Yoongi is warming up to him. That they could be close friends, but instead, he just gets shut out. He doesn’t even want anything more, content to have whatever Yoongi is willing to give, but that’s all gone. The small moments that Jimin had cherished for so long are taken from him.

As it turns out, he really doesn’t know what he had until he lost it. Yet, it’s not until Jin corners him that Jimin admits it aloud.

“Jimin-ah, you okay?” Jin’s gentle voice breaks through his brooding. Even though Jin’s voice is soft, Jimin can feel the questioning stare burning holes at the side of his head. He does his best to restrain the emotion that’s building up, but in the end, he knows it’s a losing fight.

He can feel his face crumple as he takes a shuddering breath, “No.” He sighs, feeling as if he just admitted defeat. Jimin’s stomach twists into knots and the sudden need to tell someone overtakes him. As if he’s

going to explode if he doesn't get it off his chest. Maybe it'll make more sense. Maybe he'll find out just what he did wrong.

Jin nods knowingly, gesturing to the seat across from him in the kitchen. Jimin silently does as he's told, sitting on the offered chair and putting his head in hands.

"What's wrong?" Jin asks again. He doesn't look at Jimin, more interested in the carrots he was working on rather than Jimin's woes, but the tense set to Jin's shoulders gave him away. He doesn't know what Jin's playing at, pretending to ignore Jimin, but he's grateful. He doesn't feel pressured to say what's on his mind, instead, he *wants* to share it with Jin. Get some advice.

Trying to align his thoughts Jimin's eyebrows furrow.

"I don't know what I did hyung!" he shouts as frustration bubbles up, masking the hurt he feels, "One day we're fine, everything is normal! But — but now he just won't even *look* at me! I don't get it!" His arms flailing in exasperation. As he speaks, he continues trying to find fault in something he did that could possibly lead to Yoongi's behavior.

Jin hums and Jimin takes it as a sign to continue, "I just don't get it, hyung. I mean, I know he has bad days. I get that, I get him wanting space. But he hasn't so much as *looked* at me! The other day he used Jeongguk to give me a message instead of telling me himself! *Jeon Jeongguk!*" As much as he tries to mask it, to hide what he's feeling, the hurt in his voice rings loud and clear in his ears. He just wants his hyung back; he wants the gummy smiles and teasing jabs.

A moment too late, he remembers they aren't alone in the house and tries to rein himself back in. He takes a deep breath, a valiant effort to calm down. Logically, he knows that getting so worked up over this isn't helping his case. Yoongi is allowed his space, and if that's what he wants, Jimin has to respect that. Even if it does make him feel abandoned.

"Jimin," Jin calls out, drawing the blonde out of his thoughts.

Jimin apologizes with a quick, "Sorry," a sheepish smile on his face.

"I was just saying that you could always just ask Yoongi?" Jin points out before tossing the carrots into the pan. "I know that Yoongi can be a bit difficult at times, but it never hurts to try, right?" Jin suggests, his encouraging tone puts a smile on Jimin's face.

A part of Jimin knows Jin's right. He should be a grown up about this, face his fears, and ask Yoongi what their problem is. But a much bigger part of Jimin is scared. He doesn't want his fears to be confirmed. He doesn't want to hear Yoongi give excuses for why he doesn't want to hang out again. In a way, ignoring the problem is Jimin simply trying to hold on to what they had before.

"Yeah, I should," he admits before making his way over to Jin, "What are you making anyway?" he asks as he looks into the pan.

Jin glances up at Jimin and laughs, "Oh, I have no idea Jimin-ah." Jin grins sheepishly turning off the stove. "I just wanted to make myself look busy so you'd feel more comfortable. You looked like you were carrying the weight of the world on your shoulders." He explains, smiling softly.

"Hyung!" he complains, giggling through his embarrassment.

—

There are few situations where Jimin has felt this nervous. Standing in front of Yoongi's door seems to be one of the most difficult things he's done, including his audition. No matter how hard he tries, all he can think of is Yoongi yelling and throwing him out.

"You can do this," he reminds himself, "What's the worst that can happen?"

Wiping his sweaty hands off on his pants, Jimin takes a breath and knocks on the door.

Jimin expects a verbal response, silence, or just anything other than what he gets. He's definitely not expecting Yoongi to open the door and glaring.

"What."

"H-hey, hyung," Jimin suddenly feels incredibly shy, staring down at his socks. He can't do this. He can't actually ask Yoongi something this ridiculous. What if it's all in his head? What if there really is nothing wrong and he's blowing things way out of proportion?

Jin's words come to mind.

It never hurts to try.

“Um, can we talk?” he finally asks, his voice softer than he had hoped but he’s glad that the words made it past his lips. It’s a step forward. Yoongi blank stare makes him incredibly uncomfortable, but he powers through it.

Without replying, Yoongi walks away from him, leaving the door open. Taking that as an invitation, he steps in, closing the door behind him. They awkwardly stand around the room before Yoongi moves. He sits on his bed and scoots back, pressing his back against the wall and gestures for Jimin to sit.

Wringing his hands, Jimin proceeds to the chair and sits, not making eye contact with Yoongi while doing so.

“So....” Jimin nervously starts and loses his nerve again, letting his voice fade into silence. So many thoughts run through his mind at once. Maybe he’s overreacting? Maybe he’s reading the situation wrong? He should just leave well enough alone before he makes it worse.

He can feel his leg bouncing up and down but there’s nothing he can do to stop the nerves. Yoongi sighs loudly, finally breaking what felt like an eternity of awkward silences.

“What do you want?” Yoongi asked, face blankly staring at him.

He clears his throat, eyes shut as he forces his question out, “Are you mad at me, hyung?” he pauses, “I don’t like this silence between us,” he admits softly.

There’s more silence as Yoongi just stares at him, expression unreadable. All Jimin wants to do is take those words hanging in the stilted air between them and shove them back in his mouth.

Yoongi lets out a breath, “Jimin—” he cuts himself off and pauses for a moment.

Seemingly gathering his thoughts he chews on his lip, “No, I’m not mad at you. But I’m sorry that I made you feel like I was.” Yoongi finally says, pale hands fidgeting in his lap as he plays with sleeves.

“Then what is it?” Jimin presses, running his hand through his hair. He does his best to fight back the mixture of confusion and frustration he’s feeling. If he’s not mad at Jimin, then what’s wrong?

“I just—” Yoongi starts, “there’s a lot going on in my head right now.”

He explains weakly, finally glancing up to meet Jimin's eyes.

"I get that, I really do." Jimin replies gently, "You know you can come to me. Right, hyung?" A hopeful smile shyly emerging from his otherwise solemn expression. He wishes he could take away the worry, the tension in Yoongi's shoulders, but that's not his place. He can only do so if Yoongi lets him in

"I like you." Yoongi suddenly blurts out, looking all together frustrated.

Jimin straightens, eyes widening in shock as he processes Yoongi's confession.

"I'm sorry, you what now?" he challenges breathlessly, trying to wrap his brain around Yoongi's words. There's no way that he means what Jimin thinks he means. There's no way.

"Don't make me say it again," He glares at Jimin, but after a pregnant pause, Jimin hears a gentle "I like you." As Yoongi mumbles under his breath while continuing to play with his sleeves.

Jimin backpedals in his mind, "Well. Of course you like me. Everyone likes each other. I wasn't worried about that hyung," Jimin chuckles weakly, desperately trying to talk himself down from the hope and warmth that's growing steadily in his chest. He looks up at Yoongi, hoping to understand what he could have meant.

Yoongi rolls his eyes, "You know that's not what I meant," he murmurs, a fond smile on his face.

"I, uh," Jimin looks around before making eye contact with Yoongi; they share a moment before Jimin breathes, "Okay."

Was that what this whole thing was about? Did Yoongi feel awkward because of his feelings? For over a week Yoongi had been ignoring him because he had *feelings*?

Without thinking, he blurts out, "You were ignoring me because you thought I didn't feel the same way? Are you nuts? Have you *seen* you lately?" His cheeks immediately turn bright pink at the sudden confession.

Embarrassed, he immediately looks away. His eyes dart around the room, looking anywhere but at Yoongi. God, he's being way to straightforward. He's going to make Yoongi think that Jimin's just

attracted to him. It would be easier if that was the case. But he also doesn't want to scare him. Just because Yoongi likes him doesn't mean his feelings are similar to Jimin's.

However, he can't stand the silence. Not knowing Yoongi's reaction is killing him, so he allows himself to look up. He's completely surprised by the astonishment that's plastered on Yoongi's face.

"Hyung?" Jimin softly prods.

Yoongi suddenly stands, "We need to go to bed. It's getting late," he awkwardly shuffles over to the door and opens it. Jimin stands dumbly and feeling quite stunned, his mouth slightly open.

He cautiously walks over to the door, "Okay," he whispers. Taking a moment to stare questioningly at Yoongi, the two share another awkward silence. Finally, Jimin leaves and Yoongi closes the door behind him.

Laying in bed, Jimin can't help but feel like something has changed between the two of them. But honestly, he doesn't know if he can bring himself to feel bad about it. There are so many possibilities that Jimin almost feels a little overwhelmed. There are possible futures for them that he hadn't thought possible.

There's a nagging feeling in his gut telling him that their conversation may not be a bad thing. Change can bring about something better, and he can't wait. Just the thought of being able to hold Yoongi's hand, of being able to cuddle, or just getting to call Yoongi *his*— it leaves him breathless.

With new possibilities on his mind, Jimin falls asleep, a small smile on his lips.

The next morning at breakfast, Jimin catches Yoongi's eyes and they share a small smile.

Yeah, he thinks, definitely not a bad thing.

—

The next few days went about the way Jimin expected; completely uneventful. Jimin would sometimes catch Yoongi staring. Although no move had been made, it's something. Instead of looking away the two

stare at each other until they can't.

They share something new.

Jimin just wants to nurture it to its fullest potential. Unfortunately, their damn schedules wouldn't allow it, or even make it easy.

Chances where they can be alone are few and far between. When they have that chance, Jimin feels the need to make the most out of it. At least the very least, they share a private moment. But at most, it's a few minutes alone. Even with that, they aren't really able to have an in-depth conversation about anything. Jimin knows what he wants, but whenever he has the chance to *say* so, he backs down.

More often than not, he catches himself staring at Yoongi; his hands, eyes, or even lips when they're alone. He even sometimes thinks about saying something, of breaking their silence and taking a step forward, but he always takes too long and Yoongi snaps him out of it by coughing not so discreetly. Jimin just looks away after that, chastising his inability to speak up.

One day, he tells himself, one day he'd do it.

—

Jimin's practices their new choreography at their studio until the early morning hours. No matter what he does, his body didn't seem to be willing to cooperate. It needs to be absolutely perfect, he's part of the dance line, there's no way he's going to allow himself to be subpar.

Taking a break to drink some water, Jimin takes the chance to glance at his phone and realizes just how late it is. Although he could still push his body, they have events planned in the morning. He knows how much the members would worry if he looks as tired as he feels.

Laying on the floor, he closes his eyes for a second.

Going home is the best choice, he tells himself, he can always come back again to practice some more. If anything, he can drag Hoseok out to practice with him and get some pointers for the dance. Sighing, he decides on heading home.

On his way out, he walks by Yoongi's studio and notices that the light is still on. Stopping in his tracks, Jimin debates his next move. He

knows that disturbing the rapper isn't welcomed, but he doesn't want the man to suffer Jin's wrath either.

He's going to convince Yoongi to go home with him, he tells himself, as he takes a deep breath and knocks on the door. Although he isn't expecting a response, he waits for one anyway.

After a moment, Jimin finally cracks the door open. As he peeks his head in, he can see Yoongi sitting. Unsurprisingly, Yoongi's wearing his large headphones as he scribbles in his notebook, blocking any noise that could possibly distract him from his task.

A fond smile blooms on Jimin's face; he loves seeing Yoongi in the studio. He looks so at home, so comfortable that it takes Jimin's breath away. It's rare to see Yoongi so relaxed and into whatever it is he's working on. He hates taking Yoongi out of the studio, but he knows that the man would never leave on his own.

"Hyung?" He calls out as he approaches. Unsurprisingly, there's no reaction from Yoongi. He then resorts to softly laying his hand on Yoongi's back.

Yoongi startles and whips his head around, "What?" his surprise apparent before he sees Jimin, "Oh, it's you." Yoongi's expression relaxes into a small smile. He takes off his headphones, letting them hang around his neck as he directs his attention at Jimin.

"Hey Yoongi-hyung," he smiles, "What time were you thinking of going home?"

Yoongi looks down at his phone, "Whenever I got tired. Why?" he mutters uncaringly.

Jimin resists the urge to roll his eyes, "C'mon hyung, let's go home. It's late." He can see the hesitation in Yoongi's face as he looks down at his notebook before looking back up at Jimin.

Not giving Yoongi the chance to refuse, he blurts out the first thing that comes to mind.

"You're not going to let your favorite dongsaeng walk home all alone at night. Are you?" He lets his bottom lip jut out. He does his best to look as pouty as possible in the hopes that it persuades Yoongi into going home.

Yoongi presses his lips together as he stares at his lips and Jimin is

delighted to see a small blush dust his cheeks. His pout remains fixed, determined to convince Yoongi to go home with him.

Yoongi closes his eyes, sighing deeply and Jimin knows he won. He can feel a self-satisfied smile replace the pout on his lips as he watches Yoongi close his notebook. Jimin takes a step back giving Yoongi space to put his stuff away. He watches as Yoongi does last minute checks, making sure he has everything with him. He then opens the door and gestures for Jimin to walk out first.

Once the door is locked, the two make their way out of the building silently. Jimin regrets not grabbing a jacket before leaving the dorm as soon as the cold night air hits them. He remembers Jin nagging him to take a jacket but he can't for the life of him remember why he didn't grab one.

"You're cold," Yoongi deadpans, staring at the thin shirt that Jimin's wearing.

He looks down at his shirt, "Ah, I forgot to grab a jacket before I left the dorms. But it's okay, we'll be home soon. I can handle a little cold," he reassures Yoongi, not wanting to worry him.

Before he can say anything, Yoongi is taking off his bomber jacket and thrusting it into his face. Jimin stares at Yoongi in astonishment. Not wanting Yoongi to rescind his offer, he quickly grabs the offered jacket and puts it on. Instantly he's surrounded by warmth and Yoongi's scent.

Without thinking about it, he lifts the collar and inhales deeply. His eyes close as he allows a smile to bloom on his face. God, Yoongi smells *so good*, he thinks. Jimin doesn't know what it is but it's so distinctly Yoongi that Jimin feels he would drown in it happily.

Realizing what he just did, he opened his eyes. Unsurprisingly, Yoongi was staring at him, smirking and raising his eyebrows accusingly. A furious blush explodes on Jimin's face since, y'know... he *did* just shamelessly sniff his jacket.

"What? It's warm in here!" Jimin defended doing his best to keep his voice from jumping up several octaves. Yoongi rolls his eyes and walks away.

"Hyung! Wait up!" he whines loudly before jogging to catch up.

As they're walking together in comfortable silence he accidentally

bumps his shoulder into Yoongi. But before he can apologize, he feels Yoongi's hand slip into his. Warmth blooms on Jimin's face, a shy smile gracing his features. Yoongi's hand is rough in his own, warm and full of callouses, but his long fingers envelop Jimin's perfectly. Biting into his bottom lip he smiles, risking a glance up at Yoongi.

Yoongi keeps facing forward, looking as though nothing is happening. As though he isn't holding Jimin's hand in his, and blowing Jimin's mind singlehandedly. He never thought he'd be in this situation, happily holding hands with Yoongi, of all people. After a moment, Jimin looks back down at his shoes shyly.

Gathering enough courage, he interlaces their fingers before squeezing. Yoongi's hand is warm against Jimin's and all he can think about is how he really doesn't want to let go. The contrast of their hands looks so nice, he admires, already making plans to hold Yoongi's hand more often. He feels Yoongi squeeze his hand back as they continue their walk.

They walk in relative silence, the two enjoying their alone time together. Jimin purposefully walks slower than normal in a desperate attempt to extend their time alone. He wants to savor it, hide it away in his mind to access whenever he wants to smile. However, no matter how hard he tries, they eventually arrive to their destination.

Thankfully the living-room is empty as they enter. Jimin sends a quick grateful thought to the rest of his members. What they have, the small moment and feeling that's blooming between Jimin and Yoongi— he wants to protect it, keep it from poking and prodding from the members.

Begrudgingly he lets go of Yoongi's hand and goes to shrug off the jacket, "Thank you for letting me borrow this, hyung." A shy smile on his face.

Yoongi stops him, "Keep it, it looks better on you," he grunts. Jimin immediately beams, an almost overwhelming sense of gratification from the complement. Giddy and completely satisfied, he beams at Yoongi. Before he can second guess himself he leans forward and presses a kiss on Yoongi's pale cheek.

Murmuring a quick, "Goodnight, Yoongi" he scurries off to the safety of his room.

Slamming the door shut, he leans up against it and laughs breathlessly, "Wow, Jimin. You're getting bold," He quips teasingly

before slipping into bed.

It feels like weeks before Jimin has the chance to be alone with Yoongi again. Anything more than a quick private glance or knowing smile is unheard of. Jimin knows he's being dramatic and it probably hasn't even been a week but— time seems to drag on. Jimin is eager to spend time with Yoongi, taking any opportunity he can.

However, the group finally has a night off together after a long week of dance rehearsals. Naturally, they decided to watch a movie together. Jimin is tasked with making them all popcorn while everyone else sets up. But of course, by the time that the snacks are all ready they all crammed into their seats of choice leaving no room for Jimin.

"Thanks guys," he says dryly while setting the food down on their coffee table.

"You're so tiny you'll squeeze in somewhere," he hears Hoseok mutter right before Jeongguk snarks teasingly, "Just sit on Yoongi-hyung's lap since you're wearing his jacket and all,"

Jimin ignores both of them but can't fight his traitorous blush.

It's cold in the dorms, he tells himself, it was the first jacket he found and he hadn't had the chance to return it yet. He's definitely not wearing it because it still smells like Yoongi. He's most definitely *not* wearing it because it has Yoongi's name plastered on the back for all to see.

It's a good opportunity though.

Ignoring both comments, Jimin gives himself a quick pep-talk. He can do it, it's not weird. They do it all the time for the fans. It's not that much different now.

Fuck it, he thinks to himself before he plops himself down on Yoongi's lap. He can feel Yoongi's exhale along back of his neck as he grunts with the added new weight, but he doesn't complain or throw him off, so Jimin counts it as a win.

As the movie begins, Jimin wiggles around on Yoongi's lap in an

attempt to get comfortable on Yoongi, trying his best to make sure they both still have a line of sight to the television. Suddenly, Jimin feels hands clutching his hips. The grip is just tight enough to keep him from moving, but not tight enough to bruise. He immediately stills.

“Your bony ass is digging into my thighs, stop moving so much.” Yoongi complains loudly, relaxing his grip but not letting go of Jimin’s hips. He ignores the goosebumps that break out along his arms but does his best to stay still. He likes the way Yoongi’s hands feel on his hips, comfortable and warm. He leans back a little, letting his back rest against Yoongi’s front and with a smile, lets the television take his attention.

Jimin manages to last through most of the movie without moving. But he can really only endure a limited amount of Yoongi’s bony knees digging into his thighs. Hoping to be subtle, Jimin rotates his hips gradually, attempting to scoot down.

Yoongi’s grip tightens on his hips, “Quit it,” he growls into his ear. Jimin whines in frustration. He’s close to dislodging Yoongi’s knees from the spot that aches. Closing his eyes, he breathes and, in the hopes to get comfortable quickly without disrupting Yoongi any further, he wiggles.

“Damn it,” he hears Yoongi curse under his breath before he’s quickly dumped, quite unceremoniously, on the floor. He’s left reeling as he stares at Yoongi’s retreating back.

Yoongi doesn’t return until the movie ends.

When Yoongi does come back, he makes his way over to Jimin and apologizes, “Sorry I dropped you like that. I just really had to pee.” A sheepish smile on his face.

“It’s okay hyung. Did you like the movie?” he questions, hoping to alleviate Yoongi’s discomfort.

There’s a long pause, “Yeah, it was, uh, funny.” Yoongi laughs awkwardly.

“It was a drama, hyung.” Jimin deadpans.

Yoongi rolls his eyes, “Um, yeah. You know what I meant.”

“Alright, hyung,” he replies, not trusting his words in the slightest.

Jimin's sexual frustration shot through the roof after the day that he got to sit on Yoongi's lap. At the time, he didn't have any ulterior motives. Looking back at the situation, he curses the perfectly good opportunity to tease Yoongi. Maybe that would have propelled whatever it is they have further, instead of keeping it at their awkward standstill.

That being said, he would be a damn liar if he said that he hasn't been jacking off while wearing Yoongi's jacket, thinking about what it would have been like to ride Yoongi like he's wanted to. Feeling the jacket around him, warm and smelling like Yoongi, it's almost as if he's enveloped in Yoongi's arms.

Just thinking about it gets him hot, but he clears his mind refraining from doing anything too quick. They have the next two days off. He's going to take the opportunity and plug himself up. Release some of the tension, sexual and not, that's been building.

Jimin goes through his usual morning routine before he claims the bathroom. Just as he's about to step into the shower, he hears the door open and shut. Yelping, he spins around, pulling the nearest towel over his torso to cover himself.

"I locked the door this time!" He sputters, defending himself from the intruder.

"We need to stop meeting like this," Yoongi teases, his voice lower than usual as he stares at Jimin's naked body.

"T-Then you need to stop breaking into the bathroom when there's someone inside!" he sasses back, not believing what he was hearing. He knows he's not crazy, there's no way Yoongi didn't do this on purpose.

Despite his best efforts, he can feel the blush making its way up his neck. Although he's in disbelief about the situation, there's a twinge of arousal too, curling in his gut. Jimin fights to keep it at bay, not wanting to get hard in front of Yoongi, but he knows it will only work for a limited amount of time.

"Can I shower please?" he finally asks, hoping to nip the crisis in the bud.

Yoongi raises an eyebrow, "I'm not stopping you," he says smugly.

Crossing his arms, he leans back against the door, looking all too comfortable in the small bathroom for Jimin's tastes, but he doesn't know what to do about it.

They stare at each other, only the sound of the shower filling the room with a humidity and warmth. Each passing second drags on and Jimin grows impatient. He's embarrassed, blushing brightly, but he's also steadily growing more aroused. He doesn't know what Yoongi wants, not really, but the smirk on Yoongi's face can't be innocent.

Confused by the situation, Jimin resolves to continue as if nothing is different. Taking a deep breath, he looks down and squares his shoulders. Before he can hesitate, he drops the towel and jumps into the shower. He opens his mouth in a silent scream, letting out the confusion and frustration that built up in him. It makes him feel better.

Breathing for a moment, he lets the warm spray calm him, calming his breathing. Now is not the time to get a boner, he chants to himself, not with Yoongi standing right outside.

He's extra meticulous with the shower, hoping to push back having to face Yoongi as much as possible. But once he's squeaky clean and skin bright pink, he knows that there's nothing else he could possibly clean. He finally shuts off the water and looks around and makes a traumatic realization—

He dropped his towel out of reach in his haste to get in the shower.

Groaning softly, he looks up at the ceiling, wondering why the universe is punishing him on this particular day. Any other day it would have been fine.

“Hyung, um—” he starts before sticking his head out.

Making sure the curtain covers him as much as possible he continues, “Can you pass me my towel please?”

Yoongi glances at said towel before looking back at Jimin. For a horrible moment, he thinks that Yoongi is going to make him get out and grab it himself. But thankfully, Yoongi just passes it over without a word.

He throws a quick “Thanks” over his shoulder as he ducks back behind the curtain and dries himself off. He barely refrains from screaming into the towel in frustration. Instead, he ties the towel

around his waist and he steps out of the tub. Shooting Yoongi a glance, he wonders what the hell was happening for what felt like the thousandth time that day.

Yoongi's planning something, Jimin thinks, but for the life of him he can't think of what it could possibly be. Yoongi just keeps silent and watches Jimin. Fighting to keep his breath even, he turns to the sink and starts to brush his teeth. He hopes that he can either will Yoongi out of the bathroom, or that the boring routine will make Yoongi leave.

Either will do.

Unfortunately, life is not going his way. Yoongi is still in the bathroom by the time that Jimin finishes brushing his teeth and runs a comb through his hair once. Checking his reflection one last time, he goes to grab his clothes, ignoring the plug that he knows is tucked under his shirt. He gathers the items in his arms and turns to Yoongi blocking the doorway.

"You're not done yet," Yoongi breaks the silence, his voice barely louder than a whisper.

Jimin's eyes widen, "W-what?" clutching his clothes to his chest protectively. Yoongi stares at him, before glancing down at the clothes.

"You and I both know you're omitting something," he murmurs. Frozen to the spot, Jimin simply stares at Yoongi. Processing his words, Jimin's mouth falls open in surprise and he suddenly finds it difficult to breath.

He continues to stare and pray that he's not reading the situation wrong. Yoongi is, in fact, asking him to plug himself up. *In front Yoongi.*

There is no other way to see this, he argues with himself, what he is confused about, is how Yoongi knows. Unless he went through Jimin's things while Jimin was showering, it doesn't make any sense.

Just as he's about to voice his question, Yoongi steps forward, forcing Jimin to take a step back to keep an appropriate distance between them. They continue their strange dance until Jimin is left in front of the sink. Licking his lips, he stares down at the bundle of clothes in his hands.

“Jimin,” Yoongi orders calmly, “Do it.” There was a hint of something else in Yoongi’s voice that makes everything stir in his gut.

He debates it. He’s been so frustrated, so needy recently, that a big part of him doesn’t care if it’s weird. The thought of touching himself, with Yoongi watching, makes his skin feel too tight and almost suffocating him. Maybe this is the step that they’ve been dancing around.

Looking at Yoongi for a minute, he gulps and sets down his clothes, hands shaking as his nerves skyrocket. Reminding himself that Yoongi asked for this, wants this, he takes a deep breath and fishes out the lube and plug out of his pile of clothes.

Setting them down on the sink, he chances a peek at Yoongi, chewing on his lip. The expression he sees on Yoongi’s face blows him away. Pupils dilated and lips pressed shut, Yoongi looks like he’s about to eat Jimin alive. Arousal shoots through Jimin as he realizes just how turned on Yoongi is by this.

Confidence boosted, he turns his back to Yoongi and lets his towel drop to the floor. Ass on proud display, he grabs the bottle of lube and pops it open. Drizzling the contents on two fingers, he sucks on his bottom lip nervously.

Satisfied with how slippery they are, he lets his left hand begin its journey to his awaiting entrance. Breathing heavily, he feels his neglected cock come to life. The frustration, the want that’s been building in him all seems to come out in this moment.

He looks up at Yoongi through the mirror just as his slick fingers come into contact with his puckered skin. His eyes shut instinctively, feeling so good that he can’t stop a low whine from escaping his lips. Tentatively, he presses his finger further in.

His eyes shoot open as he feels Yoongi come up behind him. The two make eye contact and his hips reflexively shift back. A loud moan echoes through the bathroom as he forces his finger in deeper.

“God, baby.” Yoongi groans into his neck, “You look so good like this.” It’s driving him crazy. Yoongi is standing so *close* to Jimin can feel his body heat, but they’re still not touching. He has Yoongi in the same god damn room, but he’s still left to his fingers when all he really wants is Yoongi.

“Please, I—” he breathes, “Touch me. I— I can’t reach and just—

Please, hyung.” He continues fucking himself with his finger but no matter what he does, he can’t hit the spot that will make it all better. He knows that Yoongi’s fingers, long and slender, would feel so much better in him.

“No,” he hears Yoongi breathe, “You can do it. Be good for your hyung. Just one more.”

His head rolls back, making contact with Yoongi’s shoulder just as he lets out a soft high pitched mewl. He can feel his dick drooling, hard and untouched that he thinks that he could probably come from just this. He’s so hard it hurts and Yoongi hasn’t even touched him, at all.

He presses another finger into his wet heat, whimpering through the shiver that run down his body.

“Fuck,” Yoongi growls, “Just like that baby, you’re doing so good for me. Such a good boy.”

“Oh my god,” he pants, convinced that his body just tried to come without his permission, overwhelmed by how such a small word has such an effect on him, “*Hyung.*” His wrecked voice makes the desperation he feels bubbling in his gut clear, even to his own ears.

“Now put it in,” Yoongi instructs, pressing the plug into Jimin’s hand.

“B-but,” he complains, “I wanna come. Please, hyung. I’ve been good. Please let me come.” He continues fucking himself with two fingers as he begs, wanting release more than anything.

“Hm,” Yoongi murmurs thoughtfully, smirking dangerously. “That’s really too bad.”

“*Yoongi,*” he wails, not wanting to listen but also wanting to be good. He feels Yoongi’s shoulders shake beneath his head.

“If you’re good, I promise I’ll make it worth it for you.” Yoongi promises.

There’s something in Yoongi’s voice, the hard edge of steel blended in with the delightful promise that makes Jimin want a reward more than he wants to come in that moment. It’s hard, trying to convince himself that he’s going to be so much happier if he listens, but with one glance into Yoongi’s eyes, he makes the choice.

“O-okay,” his voice wavers, “Okay, okay.” He repeats, more to himself

than to Yoongi, nodding and mindlessly goes to press the plug inside, needing to be good more than needing to come. But before he can put it in, Yoongi grabs his wrist and stops him.

Jimin looks up at Yoongi through the mirror questioningly.

“Not yet baby,” Yoongi chides, opening the bottle of lube, “Here you go. Make sure you get it nice and wet.”

Jimin grabs the bottle and squeezes a little too hard, getting the lube on the plug but also all over his finger.

“So messy baby,” Yoongi child, but the glint in his eyes tell Jimin a different story, “Is that how you like it, hm? You like being all messy?” Jimin almost drops the plug, unable to form words. He should have known Yoongi would somehow know all the buttons to press, all the small things that get Jimin going that he doesn’t quite understand.

“I asked you something,” Yoongi demanded, “Do you like being messy? Are you getting yourself messy for me, Park Jimin?”

He meets Yoongi’s dark gaze through the mirror and inhales, feeling his throat constrict with the force of the wave of arousal that crashes through him.

“Yes,” he responds, “Only for you. Just you, Yoongi.”

That’s the first time he sees the dominating expression on Yoongi’s face falter. He watches as Yoongi closes his eyes, biting his bottom lip and nuzzles into Jimin’s neck.

“God, baby, the things you do to me.” Yoongi says into Jimin’s neck, letting his lips brush the sensitive skin. Finally, his body screams, finally he has Yoongi’s hands on him, lips on his skin. Warmth that blooms in the spots where they touch, Jimin’s skin breaking out in goosebumps and craving more. But he needs to be good. He needs to do as Yoongi asked, and then he’ll earn more.

Jimin whimpers in response, pressing the wet plug into his empty hole slowly.

“That’s it baby, just like that.” Yoongi encourages, “Look at your pretty hole, so desperate to be filled.

Jimin thinks he’s going to lose his mind if Yoongi continues talking

the way he is. But really, what a way to go.

Once he presses the plug fully in, he gives himself a moment to get used to the feeling. Yoongi quietly makes comforting noises from behind him, rubbing his arms and sides encouragingly. Jimin loves it, loves the attention and care he receives. But even all plugged up, he can't help but feel like he wants *more*.

"You did so well, Jimin." Yoongi praises, "I knew you looked good all plugged up but— Fuck, baby, you look so much better up close. I'm so proud of you."

"Yoongi," he breathes, overwhelmed and preening under the careful praises. He doesn't know what to say, how to express what he feels so he remains silent, leaning back into Yoongi and letting his warm hands touch wherever Yoongi wants. There's something about the way that Yoongi watches him, praises him, that make Jimin's skin feel like it's on fire.

"Your ass is a work of art," Yoongi continues, stroking Jimin's cheeks lovingly, "and it's all mine." Yoongi bites him on the neck hard. Not hard enough to leave a mark, but enough for Jimin to feel it, feel the claim deep in his soul.

Yoongi doesn't even need to make it visible, Jimin thinks, there's no way anyone would think that Jimin isn't Yoongi's. At least not with the way the man is staring at him.

An incredibly happy smile dances across Jimin's lips as he leans his body back and closes his eyes, enjoying the plethora of emotions that course through him.

"All yours, hyung," he confirms dopyly. They stand there, Yoongi's arms around Jimin's naked body, and enjoy their moment, their bubble where everything is right in the world.

Jimin doesn't know how much time passes, to groggy with happiness to tell but Yoongi eventually takes a step back away from him, "Alright, let's get you cleaned up," he says.

Mindlessly, Jimin brings his hands up to Yoongi's as the sink is turned on. Yoongi washes his hands carefully before drying his hands on the towel forgotten on the floor.

"All clean," Yoongi proclaims, a soft smile spreads on his face.

Jimin goes to grab his clothes, doing his best to ignore his cock. Although he's still a little hard, his erection flagged as they cuddled. Knowing that it makes Yoongi happy, that it's what Yoongi wants, he can ignore it. The reward is going to be worth the delay. Earning Yoongi's praise is more than enough for him.

Once fully dressed, he turns to look at Yoongi, "All done, hyung," he proclaims, holding his arms out as proof. Part of him knows that he probably looks like a child, but he wants to prove to Yoongi how good he is. How he can follow instructions and make him proud.

Yoongi chuckles lightly before nodding and approaching him, affection clear on his face.

"You did so well, you know that right?" he asks reverently, eyes raking across his body and along his face.

He lifts a palm and rests it against Jimin's cheek, "You did so well for me, I'm so proud of you." He praises gently, petting Jimin's head. Jimin closes his eyes and lets Yoongi's words send tingles all over his body, nuzzling into the hand up against his cheek. He's willing to do almost anything to make Yoongi say pretty words about him.

"Yeah?" he asks dazed, needing to hear more.

"So good," Yoongi confirms, "The best, baby. *God*, Jimin— Can I— Can I kiss you?"

A pressure Jimin didn't know he had in his chest releases and he nods rapidly. He can't think of anything he could possibly want more than Yoongi's lips against his.

Not waiting for further approval, Yoongi presses his lips against Jimin's.

Jimin sighs into the kiss; he had imagined kissing Yoongi before, millions of times in thousands of scenarios, but this was nothing in comparison. It makes his heart soar in his chest and body tremble with happiness.

All too soon, Yoongi pulls away and Jimin pouts for a moment, leaning forward as he tries to follow. Yoongi simply smiles and presses his lips to Jimin's forehead before taking a step back.

"Now be good for me, okay?" Yoongi reminds, "Don't touch yourself until it's time."

He hesitatingly nods but he can't help the sliver of fear he feels.

"W-What if—" Jimin's voice cracks before he licks his lips and looks down at his feet, "What if I can't?" He feels ashamed to admit it, but he doesn't know if he trusts himself.

Yoongi puts a finger under his chin and pulls his face up, "Hey," he gently prods, "I know you can do it." Yoongi's unwavering belief makes a small smile appear on Jimin's face. But he can't help to doubt himself even if he does want to be perfect for Yoongi.

"Yeah but, but what if I can't?" he repeats, searching Yoongi's gaze for an answer.

Yoongi smiles encouragingly.

"Well then, I guess you'll just have to owe me." He says simply, "You'll owe me the orgasms you have when I'm not there on top of the one I'll be giving you already."

Jimin's eyes widen and it feels as though all the air empties out of his lungs, being replaced with pure heat. He's torn. He wants to be good. He does, but he also wants Yoongi to test just how many times he can come. He wants to fall apart under Yoongi's careful fingers, poking and prying at his sanity until all that's left is Jimin's desire and Yoongi's calming presence.

"Okay," he finally agrees quietly, looking off into the distance and thinking of all the possibilities.

"Good, now let's get out of here before someone comes to investigate what's taking you so long." Yoongi suggests lightly, unlocking the door and gesturing for Jimin to go first.

"What did I just get myself into?" Jimin mutters to himself, exiting the small bathroom.

—

"You can do this. You can do this. You can do this." Jimin reminds himself as he helps Jin make dinner, "It's just like any other day."

Arguably, it is a normal day. Nothing is out of the ordinary. Taehyung is being weird and yelling about who knows what. Jeongguk is

playing video games in the living-room. Hoseok somehow managed to convince Namjoon to go out and do something. All in all, things were normal.

The only thing that's different is that Jimin plans to get fucked by Min Yoongi.

"Jimin!" Jin calls out. Startled, Jimin drops the napkins in his hands and turns to look look at Jin.

"What is the matter with you today?" Jin looks at him inquiringly. He instantly feels guilty, knowing that Jin wanted to hang out and catch up.

"Ah, I'm sorry hyung," he apologizes, "I don't know what's wrong with me."

He knows what the problem is, but he can't just say, *Sorry hyung I'm just really horny because I put a butt plug up my ass while Yoongi watched and I can't stop thinking about what's going to happen next when he helps me take it out.* Somehow he knows that would not go over very well.

Jin, bless his soul, just smiles and waves his hand and reminds Jimin to set the table. Naturally, Jimin does as he's told, careful to set the napkins on the left side and the utensils on the other. As he places everything in it's rightful place, he hopes that Yoongi is as restless as he is. It's only fair after all. Jimin can't stop thinking about it, what they did, what they might do— just the thought of how his day might end makes him itch.

Thinking about all the things that they might do, he walks to the kitchen without paying much attention to his surroundings. He doesn't notice Taehyung running like a bat out of hell holding what looks like Yoongi's bomber jacket. Unfortunately for him, Taehyung isn't paying attention either.

There's a loud, "Watch out!" but Jimin doesn't have time to react before he's flung onto the floor. His brain shortcuts as his ass makes contact with the floor, his entire weight pressed against the plug and straight into his prostate. Pleasure and pain shoot out, punching his breath out in a loud exhale and his limbs tingle.

Somewhere in the back of his mind he can hear a lot of yelling, but all he can focus on is the plug. How it presses into him perfectly, making him twitch in his pants and fight to stay grounded with what's happening around him.

The next thing he knows, he's yanked up to his feet and into a warm body. He doesn't have much time to process, to stop his momentum, so he ends up with his face in someone's neck. It takes him a moment to figure out who it is, but the lovely smell and pale skin makes Jimin relax.

He curls around Yoongi and smiles, pressing his face further into Yoongi's neck and does his best to calm himself down. He's not going to let himself let Yoongi down. He's going to be good.

His brain clears up slowly, helped by Yoongi's gentle hand caressing his hair. Once his brain feels a little less like a murky mess and more human, he's finally able to pay attention to Jin scolding Taehyung.

"How many times have we told you not to run into the kitchen! What would have happened if he was holding a knife?" Jin scolds, hands on his hips and looking every bit the oldest in the house.

Taehyung visibly shrinks and looks at Jimin apologetically, "My bad," he says, "But it's not just my fault! Yoongi-hyung was going to kill me!" He does his best to defend himself, clutching the jacket to his chest as if it's going to help him.

"And I'm still going to." Yoongi threatens. Jimin feels the words more than he hears them, face still nestled against Yoongi's neck, much too happy to move. Although he's no longer woozy, he knows that he's sporting a semi and he's going to take every second that Yoongi lets him hide.

"You know better than to grab Yoongi's stuff," Jin lectures exasperated, rolling his eyes at Taehyung's antics.

"But Jimin was wearing it!" Taehyung's voice shoots up an octave, and Jimin has no idea what he's trying to do. There's no way that Taehyung is innocent, he has to be plotting something. Jimin can practically see the cogs turning in Taehyung's head, the teasing glint in his eyes. He knows Taehyung like the back of his hand, and there's no way that he was going to let Taehyung get away with whatever it is he's planning.

"So?" Jimin retorts. The two make eye contact and he can see Taehyung fight a smile. Of course, Taehyung wants to tease them, he realizes annoyed.

"Come on, Tae. Give it back." He reasons, letting go of Yoongi's shirt to stick his hand out expectantly. Taehyung seems to debate it for a

minute before sighing overdramatically and handing it over.

“I know where you sleep, Kim Taehyung.” Yoongi doesn’t need to say anything else as everyone in the room understands the underlying threat. What surprises Jimin is the nonchalant way that Taehyung treats his life. All he does is roll his eyes and walks out of the room, without a care in the world. Jimin sends a quick prayer to his parents; he knows Taehyung is going to pay for that dearly.

“Don’t kill him, Yoongi.” Jin requests, sounding slightly amused but not saying anything else. He doesn’t wait for a reply before walking back into the kitchen and leaving them alone.

Jimin finally takes a step back and smiles at Yoongi, “Here you go, hyung. Try to be more careful next time,” he teases while handing the jacket over to Yoongi.

Yoongi huffs before refusing the offered jacket, “Hold onto it for me.” Jimin nods with a smile on his face.

“Are you okay though?” Yoongi questions, looking straight into his eyes.

Jimin looks down at his feet, blushing up a storm, “Yes, hyung. I’m fine, really.” He was inordinately pleased that Yoongi was worried about him.

After staring at him for what felt like forever, Yoongi nods seeming satisfied and walks away, presumably back to his room. Once alone in the kitchen, he takes a deep breath and shakes his head. This shit only happens to him, he thinks incredulously. He’s just extremely happy that he managed to talk down his boner. That’s a win.

—

Because Jimin helped cook and set the table, he is released from any chores for the rest of the night. He laughs loudly as Taehyung and Jeongguk were both tasked with cleaning up by Jin.

He can’t help the excitement that bubbles up in him. He’s been patient. He’s been plugged up *all fucking day* and he will get it out even if the goddamn world ends. He searches for Yoongi, wanting to

get the show on the road.

“Hey Jimin,” Jin calls out, walking out of the hallway that leads to their rooms, “Yoongi wants you? Something about the jacket?” Jin sounds just as confused as he looks but shrugs before joining Namjoon and Hoseok in the living-room.

Grinning, Jimin books it out of the dining room. He stops in front of Yoongi’s room, inexplicably nervous. He was so excited he was nervous, standing in front of Yoongi’s room instead of inside, fucking.

“Damn it Park Jimin, what the fuck?” He asks himself as he leans up against the wall next to the door. Yoongi was into him. Yoongi wanted to fuck him. Maybe more. Yet Jimin’s nervous.

Yoongi wouldn’t risk this, risk screwing up the group dynamic, if he isn’t serious, Jimin reminds himself. He knows Yoongi quite well, he knows that he doesn’t take things lightly. There is no need to be nervous. It’s okay if Jimin has feelings, Yoongi said he has them too. They can work it out.

“Your heart is horny. It happens. Grow a pair and deal with it.” Jimin tells himself before straightening out. He takes a determined breath. He can totally do this. It’ll be fun.

Without giving himself time to second guess himself, he knocks on the unassuming brown door. Not waiting for a reply, he cracks the door open and peaks his head in. He finds Yoongi easily, sitting at his desk and hunched over his notebook.

“Hyung?” He calls out, “Jin-hyung sent me.”

Yoongi turns and smiles before gesturing Jimin to come in.

Jimin smiles brightly before entering the room, closing the door behind him and locking it. They’re not going to be interrupted. He hopes that Jin understands.

There’s a brief awkward pause before Yoongi goes to stand before him.

“I really like the way my jacket looks on you,” Yoongi admits quietly, running his hands down the lapels of the jacket.

It’s like a switch flips inside Jimin and the heat that he felt throughout the day is thrown at him all at once. His face heats up as he tugs at

the sleeves of the sweater shyly, pulling them against his palm as he balled his hand into a fist.

“I like wearing it,” he admits shyly, “It smells like you.” Yoongi reaches out and holds his cheek, before pressing their lips together. Pulling away, he nuzzles his nose against Yoongi’s cheek.

“Yeah?” Yoongi murmurs.

“Yeah,” He sighs, taking a step closer so that he can wrap his arms around Yoongi and hide his face in his neck, “It makes me feel yours.” The admission makes his face burn even more, but it’s true. He likes knowing he belongs to someone— to Yoongi.

Jimin feels like he’s on fire with the way that Yoongi presses their lips together the second time around. This isn’t like any kiss he’s ever had. It’s as if Yoongi is trying to literally eat him alive.

He’s suddenly surrounded by Yoongi’s arms, his hands tightly gripping his waist and walking them back, lips never parting. It’s not until his back is pressed against the wall that he has a chance to catch his breath. He feels like he just ran a marathon, his heart racing and knees feeling weak. Yoongi’s lips latched onto his neck, forcing wrecked moans out of him as he clings to Yoongi desperately.

“Mine.” He feels Yoongi mutter in the lowest voice he has ever heard, “All mine.” He keeps repeating as he presses Jimin against the wall, biting randomly at his neck.

“N-No—” Jimin says breathlessly, “No marks, hyung.” He hates that he has to stop Yoongi, but he knows that they can’t. But god damnit, he wants to let him. He wants to be all marked up.

Yoongi hums into his neck before pulling away and looking at Jimin.

“I’m sorry baby, I got carried away,” Yoongi apologizes, pupils blown and lips bright red, “Go stand in front of the bed.”

Jimin takes a moment to breathe before following directions. Contemplating what comes next, he can feel his cock coming to life in his jeans. It’s embarrassing, just how turned on he is from just making out with Yoongi, but he can’t bring himself to feel resentful.

Before he has time to think any more, Yoongi presses himself against his back. He vaguely acknowledges Yoongi throwing something on the bed but his hips are pulled back into Yoongi and any train of thought

he could have had flies right out of his head.

A loud moan rips itself out of his throat, pleasure shooting out from the plug all over his body, as he throws his head back and closes his eyes. It feels so good, so ridiculously good that he's a little worried he could come just from this. From Yoongi thrusting into the plug up against his ass. Yoongi's chest is pressed against Jimin's back, arms running up and down Jimin's firm tummy.

"You were so good today, baby," Yoongi praises, voice rasping into his ear, "Such a good boy, weren't you?" Jimin distantly hopes that Yoongi isn't actually expecting a reply as he's finding it hard to breathe, let alone string a coherent thought together.

Yoongi continues to grind into his ass, his hands traveling up under Jimin's shirt. His hands find Jimin's nipples and he mewls under the attention, hips instinctively jerking back into Yoongi and they both groan. Jimin's nipples have always been sensitive, but Yoongi's playing his body like an instrument. It's becoming a very real possibility that he will come in his pants.

"Y-Yoongi," he moans weakly, "Come on or I'll come in my pants."

He feels the rumble of a chuckle up against his back, "Don't worry, baby. I've got you. Just trust me. Let hyung take care of you."

He whines in complaint but is comforted by the bulge he feels in Yoongi's pants. If he's going to come in his pants, so is Yoongi.

Yoongi suddenly takes his hands out of Jimin's shirt. Before Jimin can voice just how wrong that is, Yoongi turns him and pushes him down onto the bed. Laying down, Jimin never takes his eyes off Yoongi, the way he's taking off Jimin's shoes and socks before taking off his own. It's sweet, and in the middle of their heated moment, it reminds Jimin that this isn't just about the sex.

He takes a moment to admire Jimin before climbing into his lap, bending over, and pressing their lips together. Yoongi's lips are warm and wet, a perfect pair of lips that he never wants to stop kissing. Jimin buries his hands into the dark strands, tugging Yoongi down and as close as humanly possible. There are overall far too many clothes on both of their bodies, but he's much more preoccupied with the slick glide of their lips. He rolls his hips up into Yoongi's and hears a satisfied moan.

"Let's get these clothes off you," Yoongi suggests, pulling back and

tugging at his shirt. He sits up on the bed, staying between Jimin's legs as he tugs his shirt off. Jimin shrugs off his jacket placing it down next to the bed before throwing his shirt off. As he's going to unbutton his pants, his hands are batted away and Yoongi takes over.

Yoongi's gentle as he tugs off Jimin's underwear along with his jeans, running his palms down Jimin's cheeks while pushing down the clothes. As much as Jimin loves Yoongi's hands on him, he hates that he's being touched everywhere but where he needs it. Yoongi pushes his clothes down, his cock is finally freed and the cool air makes him blush.

Although he was completely ready for what was coming next, it doesn't take away from the fact that he's never actually done this before. He's never had a hand on him that wasn't his. He barely had time to kiss anyone, let alone get any further. Knowing that Yoongi is going to be his first leaves a potent feeling in his veins, a deep desire that threatens to consume him whole.

"Lift your thighs baby," Yoongi asks, tapping his thighs. Jimin automatically lifts and does a strange shimmy, helping his pants come off completely. Then he's naked. So completely naked that he has to close his eyes and fight the embarrassment coursing through his body.

As Yoongi climbs back onto the bed, he hands Jimin something. Opening his eyes, he realizes that it's the jacket.

"Put this on, baby." He asks, not quite looking Jimin in the face. Something tightens around Jimin's heart, he's not sure if it's affection, arousal, or a blend of the two, but he suddenly needs the jacket around his shoulders. He needs to be naked with the exception of Yoongi's jacket. He wants to see Yoongi *look* at him.

Jimin scrambles to tug the jacket on, a frenzied need taking over his body. Once he was comfortable on the bed, he pulls Yoongi down on him, a desperate to feel Yoongi's lips against his. Feel his body pressing him down and into the bed.

Nothing can compare to the sensation of Yoongi's naked skin, warm and solid against his. Jimin spreads his legs instinctively, giving Yoongi more room. Jimin thinks he might actually die.

Cause of death, Min Yoongi.

"Yoongi," he moans desperately, "P-Please. Pl— Please, I need— Yoongi—!" He keens loudly as Yoongi finally touches him, his warm

hand stroking his drooling cock. But it isn't enough. He can feel his ass clenching frantically at the plug but *it isn't enough*.

"I need—" He pleads, "I need—" He groans as Yoongi twists his fist.

"What, baby?" Yoongi asks, winded, "Use your words. I can't give you what you want unless you tell me what it is."

"I n-need," he tries, "I— My — I need..." No matter how hard he tries, he can't get it out. He needs to be touched, he needs *more* but no matter how hard he tries, his brain isn't stringing words together right. His body aches with how much he wants more, anything more than what Yoongi is giving him now.

"Now, baby," Yoongi says, "Try again."

He's so frustrated he feels like he could cry, "*Please*," he begs, "*O-oppa, please!*"

"*Oppa?*" Yoongi pulls away, a dazed. Jimin was babbling so it takes him a second to process what he said, but as soon as he does, Jimin wishes he could swallow the words back. He's so embarrassed he might actually die. He can't believe he just said that.

"Fuck, Yoongi—" He starts apologizing, "I didn't mean— I'm just—" He covers his face with his hands, hoping he could just disappear and remove this moment from his memory. He doesn't know what he could say to make it better.

"Fuck baby," he hears Yoongi say, "I really don't think you know what you do to me. Please look at me." Jimin feels his hands peeled away from his face slowly.

When he finally opens his eyes, he's surprised to see a wild look on Yoongi's face. Eyes blown out, flushed cheeks, and plump lips glistening, Yoongi looks like the definition of arousal. His eyes dart all over Jimin's face, taking in every detail as he stares Jimin down making a fire burn deep in Jimin's soul.

"Say it again." Yoongi growls.

Jimin chews on his bottom lip before whispering a shy, "Oppa."

Yoongi groans loudly leaning down and kissing him, lips and tongue all over and Jimin fights to keep up. He wraps Jimin's thighs around his hips, pressing their cocks together as he kisses him and thrusts

down. A heavy feeling lies between them, a connection that zings through Yoongi's palms and into Jimin's thighs. Even though they are just rutting against each other, as Jimin closes his eyes, it almost becomes too much.

Overloaded, all Jimin can do is cling to Yoongi, his hips undulating as he kisses Yoongi back as hard as he can, feeling like he needs Yoongi to breathe.

"Again." Yoongi demands between kisses.

"Oppa," Jimin moans. He can feel himself starting to shake, brimming with an emotion he can't quite name.

"Again." He can feel Yoongi's hands making their way to the plug, snug in his ass.

"*Oppa!*" he cries out, just as Yoongi presses the plug further into his body. He throws his head back and does his best not to come. Yoongi moans in reply, working the plug in and out, massaging the lube on his fingers into his hole as he continues to coax the plug out of his ass.

Jimin moans uncontrollably as he feels Yoongi take the plug out, and as soon as it's fully out, he feels tears spill from his eyes. His ass clenches around nothing feeling so incredibly empty.

"Oppa," He cries, "Please, I need you. Please. I need— I need you in me. Please." Jimin's desperate babble sounds completely incoherent, even to his own ears, as he squirms trying to get some relief.

"Hush, baby," Yoongi hushes him, "I got you." But it works. Yoongi's easing some fingers into his waiting hole. Jimin can't really tell how many fingers he has in him, too stretched out and spaced out to really tell, but he does know it's not enough.

He needs Yoongi's cock.

Whining desperately, Jimin rocking down onto the fingers hoping that Yoongi takes it as the invitation that it is. Thankfully, he must get the message because the next thing Jimin knows, Yoongi is putting on a condom and aligning himself with his entrance.

"Ready baby?" Yoongi asks, his voice strained with how much effort it's taking him not to thrust into Jimin.

Jimin looks up at Yoongi, eyes glassy and watery, but the affection

blooming in his chest just grows as he takes in the sight of Yoongi above him, desperate and needy. He looks like he's holding on to control by a thread, yet he's still making sure that this was what Jimin wants.

He holds Yoongi's cheek with his palm, tugging him down to kiss him softly.

"Yes," he whispers against Yoongi's lips, smiling. Not needing further instruction, Yoongi carefully pushes in.

If he makes a noise, Jimin doesn't hear it past the sound of blood rushing in his ears as he's absolutely overwhelmed by finally having Yoongi *inside* of him. He's been literally dreaming about this moment for the better part of the past three or so years, and yet, reality blows his imagination straight out of the water.

Jimin never thought it would feel like this, so achingly good. It's nothing like being plugged up. He can *feel* Yoongi, pulsing and hot as he fills Jimin up. He can't describe how good it feels, to be completely surrounded by Yoongi; he can taste Yoongi on his lips, smell him everywhere, feel his mind zeroing in on Yoongi and ignoring everything else. It's breathtaking.

"Jesus, Jimin," Yoongi groans, face pressed into his neck, "You're fucking incredible. I— Oh *god*, baby—" His voice cracks as Jimin shifts his hips.

Yoongi starts thrusting into Jimin. Yoongi is so much bigger than the plug, he fills him up *so good*, so much better, he doesn't know why he would ever bother with anything else ever again. With each thrust, Jimin thinks he never wants this to end.

"You're so good," Yoongi babbles, "So good. Such a good boy for me. Such a good boy for oppa."

Jimin keens, toes curling and he feels tears welling up in his eyes. With each thrust, Jimin can feel him, deep and and hard. He's so hard it hurts, but it hurts, cock drooling and getting his stomach all dirty, but Jimin can't bring himself to care. He probably wouldn't be able to give his name if pressed, too far gone, brain much too fuzzy and focused solely on Yoongi.

He claws desperately at Yoongi's back digging his heels into his thighs, needing more. It's so good, so good, but he needs more.

“More,” He sobs, “God, Yoongi. Fuck me.”

Let this be proof that Yoongi follows instruction well.

Yoongi grabs Jimin’s hips and starts fucking him earnestly, punching out noises out of him that Jimin didn’t even know he could make. Jimin hears the lewd sound of their skin slapping together and the sound of their panting in between groans of pleasure.

“Mine,” Yoongi growls before kissing Jimin, “I’m gonna fuck you so good baby, everyone is going to know who you belong to. Me.”

He’s so close, so fucking close. A steady stream of sounds make their way out of Jimin’s lips as he continues to babble.

“All yours,” He moans, “Always yours. Only yours. F-Fuck *Yoongi*—I’m so close,”

“Touch yourself,” He vaguely hears, “I want you to come on my cock. Show me how much you like oppa’s cock.”

Jimin’s mind whites out as he gets his hand around his aching dick. He’s so close that with two tugs he comes all over his fist and their stomachs, back arching with the strength of his orgasm. The tension spills out of him and he can feel his ass clenching around Yoongi, trembling under Yoongi. Eyes squeezed shut, his mouth falls open as he gasps for air, heart pounding as he takes greedy gulps of air.

He can feel Yoongi’s rhythm falter as he clenches and comes. Yoongi fucks him through his orgasm, hard and fast to the point that he feels overstimulated. It starts to hurt, mixing in with the high of his climax, but it doesn’t matter, he thinks deliriously, he still wants more.

The haze of being plugged up and then fucked isn’t wearing off, even after he’s come. All he can think about is Yoongi, sweating and grunting above him. Jimin wants Yoongi to come, wants to give Yoongi pleasure.

He opens his eyes just in time to see Yoongi come with a low groan of his name, shoving his face in the crook of Jimin’s neck and moaning through his orgasm. He can hear himself echo Yoongi’s moans with cries of his own, body milking Yoongi for all that he can provide. His hands roam Yoongi’s sides and hold on for dear life, clutching Yoongi to him as they both ride through their pleasure. He feels the way Yoongi trembles, just a little as he gets his breathing under control. It’s so good and almost too much at the same time; all Jimin can do is

try to breathe.

Yoongi collapses down on Jimin with a groan, their sweaty skin sticking together and Jimin can't stop the huge smile on his face. They're touching everywhere, tangled and warm in the cocoon of their own. Jimin feels so good, so good and full and overwhelmed he just keeps holding Yoongi.

Jimin opens his eyes just as Yoongi lifts himself up onto his elbows. For a moment the only thing he hears is the sound of their breathing. He doesn't want Yoongi to move, doesn't want this to end, their connection, their moment. He can barely feel his limbs, still tingly and just laying there, but when Yoongi goes to sit up Jimin whines in complaint, grabbing him by the hips and weakly tries to keep him there.

"Sh," Yoongi coos, "I need to get the condom off and get something to wipe you down with." Yoongi kisses Jimin's nose softly. Jimin scrunches up his nose, giggling softly before releasing Yoongi.

Just as he said, Yoongi ties off the condom, tossing it into the trashcan by his desk before grabbing a shirt off his floor. He gently cleans Jimin. Warmth explodes in his chest as he watches the boy try so hard to be gentle and care for him after what they just did. When Yoongi deems Jimin clean, he quickly wipes himself down.

Jimin makes grabby hands at Yoongi, a needy whine escaping his lips. He feels their separation, perhaps a bit too pointedly to be normal, but he doesn't care. He just needs to touch Yoongi, remind himself that he's still there and not going anywhere.

Yoongi chuckles lightly before joining him on the bed. The two get comfortable, before Yoongi pulls Jimin into a soft kiss.

"That was perfect baby," He whispers against his lips, "You were perfect." Jimin hums happily into the kiss before nuzzling his way to Yoongi's neck. He throws his arm around Yoongi's waist before letting out a happy sigh. This is what being truly content must feel like, he thinks.

Yoongi chuckles lightly before he goes to wrap his hands around Jimin's waist, but he stops.

"Baby," He prompts, "Did you wanna take this off?" He runs his hand over Jimin's shoulder and down his back, clearly referring to the jacket that he was still wearing

Jimin blushes before shaking his head. Yoongi huffs in amusement before pressing a thigh between Jimin's and wrapping the boy up in his arms properly.

"Alright then baby," He murmurs, "Goodnight. Sweet dreams." Kissing his forehead, he squeezes Jimin's hips before relaxing completely.

Jimin smiles sleepily before muttering a quick, "Goodnight, Yoongi."

He's warm and comfortable, laying there in Yoongi's arms. Jimin's never had this, fallen asleep in someone's arms, and with Yoongi's chest against his, his pale throat next to Jimin's lips, he can't help but think this is what being cared for must feel like. Maybe he can wrangle Yoongi to arrange it as a permanent situation.

There's always tomorrow to figure it out.

— End

End Notes

thank you guys for taking the time and reading this! i hope you enjoyed it! also please give a large round of applause to Alix my wonderful editor/partner-in-crime because without them this would most definitely not be a thing.

feel free to come yell at me on [tumblr](#) or on [twitter](#) there's a lot of crying about BTS on both

+ bonus: i think there may be a part two coming but i don't wanna make any promises

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!